

From the Southern Literary Gazette.  
LINES TO A BELOVED VOICE.

BY CAROLINE HOWARD.

Speak it once more, once more, in accents soft,  
Let the delicious music reach mine ear;  
Tell me in truthful murmurs oft and oft  
That I am dear.

Teach me the spell that clings around a word,  
Teach to my lips the melody of thine,  
And let the spoken name most often heard,  
Be mine, be mine.

Why in the still and fading twilight hour,  
When lone and tender musings fill the breast,  
Why does thy voice, with its peculiar power,  
Still my unrest?

Why does the memory of thy faintest tone  
In the deep midnight come upon my soul,  
And cheer the passing hours so sad and lone,  
As on they roll?

Oh! if my passions overflow their bound,  
And pride, or hate, or anger, call for blame,  
Do thou with earnest, mild, rebuking sound  
But breathe my name.

But show the better way by thee approved,  
Bid me control my erring, wayward will,  
And at the chiding of that voice beloved,  
All shall be still.

EVENING SOLACE.

BY CURRIER BELL.

The human heart has hidden treasures,  
In secret kept, in silence sealed;  
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,  
Whose charm were broken if revealed.  
And days may pass in gay confusion,  
And nights in rosy riot fly,  
While lost in Time or Wealth's illusion,  
The memory of the Past may die.

But, there hours of lovely musing,  
Such is in evening silence come,  
When, oft as birds their pinions closing,  
The hearts best feelings gather home,  
Then in our souls there seems to languish  
A tender grief that is not woe;  
And tho' that once wrong groans of anguish,  
Now cause but some mild tears to flow.

And feelings once as strong as passions,  
Float softly back—a faded dream;  
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,  
The tale of others' sufferings seem.  
Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding,  
How longs it for that time to be,  
When, through the mists of years receding,  
Its woes but live in revery!

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,  
On evening shade and loneliness;  
And while the sky grows dim and dimmer,  
Feel no untold and strange distress—  
Only a deeper impulse given  
By lonely hour and darkened room,  
To solemn thoughts that soar to heaven,  
Seeking a life and world to come.

ORGANIC SUBSTANCE OF PLANTS.

1. The organic substance of plants chiefly consists of woody fibre, starch, and gluten.

2. Woody fibre is the substance which forms the greater part of all kinds of wood, straw, hay, and chaff, of the shells of nuts and of cotton, flax, hemp, &c.

3. Starch is a white powder, which forms nearly the whole substance of the potato, and about half the weight of oatmeal, wheat flour, and of the flour of other kinds of grain cultivated for food.

4. Gluten is a substance like bird-lime, which exists, along with starch, in almost all plants. It may be obtained from wheat flour, by making it into dough, and washing it with water.

5. The woody fibre is the most abundant in the stems of plants, and the starch in their seeds.

6. Starch also exists abundantly in the roots of the potato, and other similar roots.

7. Woody fibre, starch, gum, and sugar, all consist of carbon and water only.

8. As the leaves drink in carbonic acid and water, all these substances may be derived from their food.

9. Leaves return the carbonic acid to the air, because they do not require it to form woody fibre and starch.

10. The carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere would be exhausted by vegetation, if it were not continually renewed from sources.

11. These sources are three in number. First—From the breathing of animals, since all animals throw off a small quantity of carbonic acid from their lungs every time they breathe. This may be shown by breathing the air from the lungs for some time through clear lime water, by means of a small glass tube, or a straw, when the lime water will gradually become milky, as it does when pure carbonic acid is passed through it.

Second—From the burning of wood, coal, candles, &c., since the carbon which wood contains, when it burns in the air, forms carbonic acid gas just as pure carbon when burned in oxygen does.

Third—From the decay of vegetables and roots in the soil, since this decay is only a slow kind of burning, by which the carbon of plants becomes at last converted into carbonic acid.

12. Animals and plants appear to live for each other's support. Thus the animal produces carbonic acid, upon which

plants live, and from this carbonic acid and water together, plants produce starch, &c., upon which animals live.

13. Water consists of oxygen and hydrogen.

14. Every 9 lbs. of water contains 8 lbs. of oxygen, and 1 lb. of hydrogen.

15. It is very wonderful that water, composed as it is of two gases, (hydrogen, which burns readily, and oxygen, in which bodies burn with the greatest brilliancy,) should put out all fire; but there are many substances, the composition of which is almost equally extraordinary.

16. For instance, it is extraordinary that white starch should consist of black charcoal and water only, and that sugar and gum should consist of the same elements as starch and woody fibre.

17. We may say, then, that all these substances consist of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen.

18. Gluten consists of all the four elements—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen—united to a little sulphur and phosphorus.

19. Plants obtain carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen from the air; but nitrogen, sulphur, phosphorus they usually obtain almost solely from the soil.

Note.—Hence the importance of adding to the soil manures which contain these three latter substances.

THE FARMER.—He is a public benefactor, who, by the prudent and skillful outlay of his time and money shall make a single field yield permanently a double crop; and he that does this adds a square mile to the national territory; nay, he does more; he doubles to his extent the territorial resources of the country, without giving the state any larger territory to defend. All hail, then, to the improvers of the soil! Health and long life to their fortune! May their hearts be light and their purses heavy; may their dreams be few and pleasant, and their sleep the sweet robes of the weary! May they see the fruits of their own labor, and may their sons rear still heavier harvests!

THE SNAKE GRASS.

A British sportsman tells the following ludicrous tale of his first experience in gunning in this country. He had hired a black, Apollo, to show him where to find woodcock.

On entering the covert I soon found the use of Apollo's thick jacket. Never, in all my experience, had I seen anything to equal the denseness of this thicket, or the size and sharpness of the thorns. My gauze like coat was soon in ribbons, my eyes nearly blinded, and my face in streams of blood. This, added to the almost overpowering heat made my position anything but agreeable, particularly as we had not as yet seen a single cock in near half an hour's beat.

Apollo glided about, peering into the trees in a most extraordinary manner, as I thought; and I was upon the point of asking him if we could not find some more open spot, when I found something strike me on the face. Almost blinded by the blow, I put up my hand; a cry of horror escaped me; I found I had grasped the cold coils of an enormous black snake, which was hanging from a tree over my head.

Apollo looked round, gave a low chuckle, and was proceeding onward, when I called on him for mercy's sake to stop.

"Ya! ya! ya!" laughed the old wretch; "im only poor black snake."

"Only black snake!" said I, my flesh creeping with horror; "I did not know there were any snakes in this part of the country."

"No snakes, massa? Why um chock full of snakes dis swamp; im full of copper heads. We nebber come into swamp wid ut de tick boots cause if copper bite um, im dead man, sar. Dare, massa! look under dat shumac bush, just by you boot; dare one tumdering big chap."

"Let us leave this dreadful place, Apollo, said I.

"What before we find de woodcock, sar?"

"Confound the woodcock!" said I, now losing all patience, and determined, if possible, to put an end to my disagreeable situation.

As soon as we got out of the woods, I dismissed my guide; and with my dogs, undertook to beat some open fields, in which I soon found plenty of quail.

The fields being fresh mown there was no lay for the birds, but to my satisfaction I saw that the quail mostly flew to a piece of long grass in the meadows which was left unmown. Having accomplished my undertaking, I entered the grass, which was thick and up to my waist. Quail after quail arose, and as often fell to my gun, and I became so elated with my success that all thought of pain, fatigue, black snake, or copper head, was gone; and though I did now and then hear a rustling in the grass which made me start when I picked up a shot bird, I was much too delighted to heed such trifles. My pockets were getting heavy, and I was in the centre of the grass when I heard a shout from a hill at some distance, and looking up saw a person who by his gesture appeared to be in the highest state of excitement. Now I had hitherto always found it

to be the best practice, when challenged afar off by enraged farmers or their servants as a trespasser, to be both blind and deaf until the persecutors approach, during which time one may either make off or feign ignorance of any improper intentions. The sport at this time was too good, and cost too much labor, to be easily given up; and although I heard the farmer hollering at the top of his voice, and saw him running as fast as his legs could carry him, I still continued shooting. At last he was near enough to make himself heard.

"Halloa! there, you tarnation fool! come out of that long grass!"

"O yes," thought I, "seed ground very likely, but lie on good dogs, we may get a brace of birds before his short legs can reach us."

"Come out of that long grass!" again rang in my ears.

"Not till I can't help it, my lad," thinks I. "He on there: we have a dozen be- lieves if we have one in this piece of stuff yet."

"Oh! you cantankerous varment! Come out of that long grass!"

The enemy is close upon us. One shot more, and then to close quarters.

"By the eternal! be you mad, or be you deaf?" cried the man, now at the edge of the grass, and in an agony of excitement; due you wish to be a dead man? Come out of that long grass, I say."

His last words, spoken with great vehemence, made me pause; steel-traps and spring-guns came into my thoughts.

"Come out, come out, of that long grass, or by the eternal you're a gone sucker. A-mighty smash, don't you know that is my snake grass? Come out, you tarnation fool!"

"Snake grass," said I in a low tone, raising myself on tiptoe, and standing on the very smallest space of ground. "Snake grass, sir; what's snake grass?"

"Come out I say, and if you get away without death in your carcass—which by the immortal punkin, I rather think you never will—I'll tell you what snake grass is."

Trembling, I crept out of the grass, and approached the farmer who stood wiping the perspiration from his head.

Well, said he, 'I have heard tell on darned fools that go on bird-hunts, but may I be absquatulated eternally if I ever thought a feller was fool enough to go into a piece of Jarsay snake grass after a poor miserable quail.'

"Pray sir what do you mean by snake grass?"

"Not know what snake grass is? Well I might have seen by your outwards that you want of this location. But don't you know these here clearings are chock-full of varmint snakes? When we mows we leave a piece of long grass for the tarnation reptils to go into, and when the grass gets dry, you see, we sets fire to it, and burns all the venomous varmints, and so makes kind of a clearance of the snakes every year. Lord a mercy! when I seed you in my long grass—which ought to be chockfull of coppers—I thought you must be a gone sucker; and how on earth you escaped is beyond all, and that's a fact."

I felt sick and faint and leaned upon my gun for support. My escape had been miraculous. Thanking the farmer for his kindness in warning me of my danger, and declining his invitation to partake of refreshment at his abode, I made the best of my way to Colonel Obadiah's.

A CONTRAST.

About half a century ago, a distinguished member of Congress, in the course of a speech before that body observed:

"In a country so extensive as America, and where the people are so widely scattered, it is a work of immense difficulty to have a regular and accurate account of the measures of government communicated through every part of the Union. It can scarcely be conceived by those who have no call to visit the interior and more retired parts of the country, how much the peace of society is disturbed by the propagation of malicious falsehood. The most wicked lies are kept in circulation for months together, and before they can be effectually contradicted the people have become almost frantic."

That was in the days when members of Congress were wont to inform their constituents of the progress of public affairs through the medium of printed circular letters. But what a contrast between that time and the present! Now the inhabitants of a city two thousand miles from the seat of government read at the breakfast table the doings of their representatives of the previous day—reported with minuteness and accuracy. In no part of the country can the people be deceived beyond twenty-four hours, as to any event connected with the administration of public affairs—so regular are their means of information through the medium of the public press, circulated over three times the extent of territory represented in Congress half a century ago.

If any man in the interior of any State or Territory is not fully informed and posted up in the news of the day, it is his own fault—it is because he will not subscribe to a newspaper. It is creditable that there are but few such, and that those few are fast becoming ashamed of their benighted condition.

THE PRESS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—The growth and vigor of the newspaper press in this country for some years past is truly astonishing. Every mail brings us additional evidences of the success and enterprise of the newspaper establishments of the South. We are rejoiced to see this state of things in our own State particularly; and the many well conducted papers now established in the upper Districts must be of immense advantage to the people. There is no branch of industry—agricultural, commercial or mechanical—but must be invariably benefited under the influences of these presses. Light and knowledge—education, morals and virtue, must ever be the concomitants of a well sustained press amongst a people. Had we space to enumerate, we might mention the papers we allude to; but we comprehend all when we say of the newspaper press of South Carolina, that, in point of ability, correctness of tone and sentiment, and the successful pursuit of this honorable vocation, in all respects, the newspaper press of this State is unsurpassed.

South Carolina, by her devotion to Democratic principles—by her unwavering defence of State Rights—and by the exalted patriotism of her statesmen, unpolluted by the debasing influences of party strife—has frequently been sneered at and held up to ridicule by the party hacks and political brawlers of her sister States. But the flings of party rivalry, or the paltry exhibitions of envenomed spite, so often hurled at their noble little State, find no sympathizing heart or pen among her editorial corps. They are met with scorn, and repelled with a consciousness of integrity, of principle, which, in too many instances, is manifestly wanting in their assailants. We challenge the strictest scrutiny and most rigid critical examination, when we assert that the press of South Carolina stands unsurpassed in every quality which tends to elevate the morals, augment the happiness, or preserve the independence of the people whom they represent.

Well, then, for our conclusion. The people of this State should sustain first their own newspapers. To use a common saying, they may go farther and fare worse. Their city, town and district presses should be liberally patronized, because the newspapers of South Carolina are a unit—one and indivisible—in defence of the rights, interests and institutions of the South. There is no diversity of sentiment with regard to these; whilst, in their dignified and manly defence of the fair fame of our gallant State and her people, they have been in a great measure instrumental in placing her in the elevated position she now occupies—notwithstanding her defamers—among her sister States. Let, then, our own presses, from the seaboard to the mountains, be liberally sustained, even if occasionally it should be at the sacrifice of some cherished journal published elsewhere. For the people of South Carolina may be well assured that in them they have their best and truest friends.—*South Carolinian*.

ARREST OF THREE COUNTERFEITERS.—The usual quiet of our pleasant village was somewhat disturbed, late in the afternoon of the 3d instant, by the arrival of four strangers who, "dusty with travel, fiery hot with speed," made straight for the Court House, and loudly called for the Sheriff, instead of following the more general custom of riding to a hotel and halloing for the landlord. Upon inquiry, we ascertained they were four gentlemen from Virginia, in pursuit of three fellows who had been passing counterfeit money in the "Old Dominion," and thinking that too easy a business, had added to it the robbery of an old gentleman they met in the road just before they crossed the North Carolina line.

The scamps of whom the party were in pursuit, had passed through the village the evening before, with two tobacco waggons—rather a slow way to travel when the minions of the law are in pursuit of a man—and could not then have been more than fifteen miles from this place. After procuring a warrant for the apprehension of the fugitives, and being joined by Mr. Smith Jones, the efficient Deputy Sheriff of the District, and Mr. Richard Hix, of this place, the party again resumed their chase. The waggons had reached Cokesbury, in Abbeville, before they came up with them, and succeeded in capturing the men; they were in pursuit of. On being taken, the prisoners confessed having passed counterfeit money, but denied the robbery. And as they expressed a desire to be carried back at once, without being confined in jail here until a requisition could be obtained from the Governor of Virginia, they were taken immediately on, to stand their trial at home.—*Laurinville Herald*.

"Now PATRICK," said a Judge, "what do you say to the charge; are you guilty or not?"

"Faith, but that's difficult for your honor to tell, let alone meself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

A YOUNG TOBACCO CHEWER.

A little boy, not over ten years of age, was seen the other day cramming his mouth full of "fine cut," when a gentleman standing by, who became somewhat

touched at the little fellow, asked him what he chewed tobacco for.

"What I chaw tobacco for?" replied the boy. "jWhy, sir, I chaw it to get the strength out of it, to be sure, what d'yo think I chaw it for?"

"If it comes warm after this, we shall have everything starting out of the ground directly."

"Heaven forbid—I have two wives under it."

A YANKEE TRICK.—A young lady of Connecticut, became extravagantly fond of a young lawyer in the neighborhood, who treated her partiality with great levity. Finding her suit rather hopeless, and being fully determined to enter the state of matrimony at some rate or other, she adopted the following plan: All at once she was taken ill, and her malady seemed to threaten death. At this crisis she sent for the young lawyer to draw her will, and to his astonishment she disposed of an enormous estate, in legacies and endowing public institutions. She shortly after however, recovered to enjoy her own wealth, and the young lawyer began to feel something like love for her, his address became constant, and his attentions marked; in fact, in a short time they were married; but, alas! he had to take the will for the dead.

AN OUTRAGE of a most disgraceful character was perpetrated by five individuals, in Cleveland County, 14 miles south-west of Lincoln, on Sunday night last, about dusk. A residence, the property of Alexander Norton, Esq., was forcibly entered, the old gentleman and his lady severely beat with sticks, freshly cut in the neighborhood, and their escrutoire robbed of from \$140 to \$200, and the old lady thinks upwards. They then left the premises, and it is hoped, will not escape detection. An outrage so villainous, has never before disgraced the community, and thus it is doubly lamented and condemned, while there is a spirit abroad that will be both ready and willing to

"Put a lash in every honest hand, To whip the rascals naked thro' the world."

Mr. Norton is one of the most respectable citizens of Cleveland county, that part formerly belonging to old Lincoln. He has been blessed with competence, and prudence and industry have but increased his store. Hard, it is, that thus, in his old age, joggling on slowly to the grave with his only tie on earth, his last hours should be invaded, and a thirst for money jeopardize his few remaining years. "The way of the transgressor is hard," God's finger is on them.—*Lincoln Courier*

A DRAFT ON THE BANK.

The Cincinnati Commercial relates the following anecdote—which is characteristic enough to be true, at all events:—

Four persons had seated themselves in the mines to play a game of poker—the ante, as a substitute for money, being a handful of gold dust. They continued playing some time without either side winning much. At length one of the party, who had a good hand, went a handful "better."

"I see that, and go a pint better," cried another, who also had a "strong" hand.

"I see that," responded the first, "and go a quart better." "Well, I see that, and go you a gallon better," responded the other. This rather disconcerted his adversary for a moment, as it "over-sized his pile"—but, confident in the superior strength of his hand, he collected together all the gold dust he had left, and putting it aside, coolly remarked to one of his companions, "here, Jim, watch my pile till I go out and dig enough to call him in."

EMIGRATION AND COLONIZATION.

"Ma," said a young lady to her mother the other day, "what is emigrating?"

Mother.—"Emigrating, dear, is a young lady going to California."

Daughter.—"What is colonizing, ma?"

Mother.—"Colonizing, dear, is marrying there and having a family."

Daughter.—"Ma, I should like to go to California."

Talbotype Drawing.—A friend of ours has sent us a specimen of Talbotype drawing, an improvement on daguerrotypy, which consists in fixing the object on paper instead of on a metal plate. It is a new invention, and the picture before us—a cottage, the residence of Dr. Blaney, in Chicago—is remarkably clear and distinct. We are not aware that any pictures after the Talbotype method have yet been taken in New Orleans. The one under notice was executed by Dr. Blaney, Professor of Chemistry in the Medical College of Chicago, who, we are informed, has made still further improvements in this beautiful art.—*N. O. Pic*.

"When you salute a lady or a gentleman to whom you wish to show particular respect, in the street, you should take your hat entirely off, and cause it to describe a circle of at least ninety degrees from its original resting place. The inferior classes of men, as you may see if you think fit to take notice of them, only press the rim of their hat when they speak to women of their acquaintance."